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BIOGRAPHICAL.

Major General John Stark.

Original.

To maintain the contest for independence between the American States and the British Empire, no section of the country contributed more in proportion to its resources than New-Hampshire. Her troops were ever to be found at the post of honor, and sustained themselves with heroic valor in every field of victory which led to the establishment of this mighty nation. Among those of her sons, who, at that fearful crisis, arrayed themselves, on the side of their country, none was more distinguished by his courage, patriotism, and the uniform success which attended his enterprises, than the subject of this memoir.

JOHN STARK was born at Londonderry on the 28th of August (old style) 1728. His father Archibald was a native of Dumbarton in Scotland. At an early age he emigrated to Londonderry in Ireland, and in 1720 embarked with a company of adventurers for New-England. They were refused permission to land at Boston, in consequence of having the small pox on board, and compelled to encounter the horrors of a northern winter in the wilds of Maine, near where the town of Wiscasset is now situated. The following year a settlement was effected at Nutfield, (now Londonderry) in the province of New-Hampshire. It was then a wilderness, overrun by tribes of ferocious savages, who for several succeeding years, harassed the frontiers. Four sons of Mr. Stark held commissions in the seven years war, and were equally distinguished for cool and undaunted courage. William the eldest was a Captain of rangers; followed Wolfe to Louisburg and Quebec, and rendered signal services in those expeditions. He afterwards tarnished his well earned fame by joining the British Standard in 1776.

In 1736 Mr. Stark commenced a settlement at Derryfield, now Manchester, upon the Merrimack, near Amoskeag falls; where his second son John resided with him until 1752. At that time, he joined his brother William, David Stinson and Amos Eastman, in a hunting excursion to Baker's river in Rumney. They were there surprised on the 28th of April by a scout of ten St. Francis Indians. Signs of them had been observed two days before; and the party were in consequence about leaving the hunting ground. John separated from his companions to collect the traps, and while thus engaged, fell into the hands of the enemy. On being interrogated by signs respecting his comrades, he pointed in a contrary direction, and led them two miles out of the way. His friends alarmed at his long absence fired several musket shots.—This discovered them to the savages; who,

proceeding some distance down the river, turned their encampment and formed an ambuscade to intercept their boat. The hunters, suspecting what had taken place, were proceeding down the river—William Stark and Stinson in the canoe and Eastman upon the bank. About sunrise the latter fell into the ambush and was taken by the savages, who then directed John to hail the boat. He did so; informed his friends of his situation, and advised an escape to the opposite shore; whereupon four of the Indians fired into the canoe. At this critical moment, he had the hardihood to strike up their muskets; and, upon the others preparing to fire, did the same to all but one, which proved fatal to Stinson. He then told William to escape, as they had fired all their guns. He profited by the advice and made good his retreat.

This conduct of their prisoner so exasperated the Indians that they beat him severely, made prize of his furs, and proceeded to Coos near where Haverhill is now situated, where two of their party had been left to collect provisions for their return. Here they tarried one night and continued their route to the upper Coos; where three of the party were despatched with Eastman to St. Francis; while the remainder employed themselves sometime in hunting upon a small stream called John's river. The prisoner was liberated during the day but confined at night. While here, he was directed to try his fortune as a hunter. He succeeded in trapping one beaver, shot another, and received the skins as a reward for his skill.

The Indians continued their march and reached St. Francis on the 9th of June.—Here he remained six weeks. At this time Messrs Wheelwright of Boston and Stevens of Number Four, who were the agents of Massachusetts for the redemption of prisoners, arrived at the village, and, not finding those they expected from Massachusetts, released both captives. They returned by way of Albany and arrived at Derryfield in August following. Stark paid for his freedom \$103, and Eastman \$60. These sums were never repaid by the State. Massachusetts, actuated by a more just and liberal policy, redeemed all her captives. It may not be improper here to remark that the scout which captured these prisoners proceeded to Albany in company with this returning party, and sold the furs taken from them amounting to £560, without molestation.

During this captivity Stark acquired that thorough knowledge of the Indian character, and of their various stratagems of war, which he turned to such good account against them and their allies the French, in the war which ensued. It is a custom with the North American savages to impose every thing of a laborious and servile nature upon the cap-

tives and squaws. They accordingly directed Stark to hoe corn. He first proceeded to cut up the corn, carefully sparing the weeds; but this not answering his purpose of relieving himself from the labor, he boldly threw his hoe into the river, telling his employers, that "it was the business of squaws and not of warriors to hoe corn."—Instead of being irritated by this conduct, the Indians were delighted with his boldness, called him "young chief," and he was adopted as the son of their Sachem. In the latter days of his life, the General sometimes related with much humor, the incidents of his captivity, and declared that he had received more genuine kindness from the savages of St. Francis, than he ever knew prisoners of war to receive from any civilized nation.

Nothing daunted by the unfortunate termination of his first enterprise, our adventurer repaired next season to the Androscoggin to pursue his vocation, and obtain the means of discharging his redemption debt. In this expedition, he was fortunate beyond his expectations.

From the report of these prisoners in regard to the Coos territory, the General Court of New-Hampshire resolved that this hitherto unknown region should be explored. Col. Lovell, Maj. Talford and Capt. Page were accordingly commissioned to enlist a company for this service. They solicited Mr. Stark to accompany them as a guide, and under his direction commenced their journey on the 10th of March 1754.—In seven days they reached Connecticut river at Piermont, where they passed one night; and after making such observations as their time would admit, returned to Concord on the thirteenth day from their departure.

In 1754, in consequence of a report that the French were erecting a fort at the upper Coos, Capt. Powers was despatched by the Governor of the Province, with thirty men and a flag of truce to demand their authority. He applied to Mr. Stark to accompany him, who conducted the party to the upper Coos, by way of the little Ox Bow, through the same route which he had traversed two years before, as a captive to the Indians. Finding no French garrison, the scout returned, after exploring, for the first time by any English adventurer, the Coos intervals, where now flourish the beautiful towns of Haverhill and Newbury.

These expeditions had acquired for Mr. Stark such a reputation for fitness as a partisan officer, that upon the breaking out of the "seven years war," he was appointed, by the Governor, Lieutenant of Rogers' corps of rangers, attached to Blanchard's regiment. Rogers, possessing a bold and enterprising spirit, soon collected a band of hardy foresters; and was ordered to proceed to Coos and burn the intervals preparatory to the erection of a fort. Before

reaching his place of destination, a new order commanded Rogers to join his regiment at Fort Edward, by way of Number Four. He arrived at head quarters about the time the English and provincial army under Sir William Johnson, was attacked by the French and Indians under the Baron Dieskau, near Bloody Pond, between Fort Edwards and Lake George. This campaign passed without any other occurrence worthy of notice. In autumn the regiment was discharged and Lieut. Stark returned home.

In the winter of 1756 the English commander at Fort Edward determined to establish a corps of rangers to counteract the operations of the enemy's scouts, which harassed the frontiers and hung upon the wings of the army. Rogers was appointed to the command; who, proceeding to New-Hampshire, selected Stark for his Lieutenant, raised his soldiers, and in April following reported himself at Fort Edward. Although no important military events transpired during this campaign, the rangers were constantly on foot, watching the motion of the enemy at Ticonderoga and Crown Point, cutting off his convoys of supplies, and often making prisoners of his sentinels at their posts.—“One of these expeditions (says Major Rogers) my Lord Howe did us the honor to accompany, being desirous, as he expressed himself, of learning our methods of marching, ambushing, retreating, &c. and on our return, expressed his opinion of us very generously.”

In the autumn of this year, the corps was reinforced by two companies from Halifax under Captains Hobbs and Spikeman, which increased its force to 300 strong. These hardy woodsmen were familiar with all the practices of the French partisans, and many an obstinate combat evinced that they were able to contend with and defeat them upon their own terms.

In January 1757 a detachment of rangers was ordered to march to Lake Champlain, and intercept the supplies from Crown Point to Ticonderoga. On the 21st, was fought one of the most desperate and bloody actions, according to the numbers engaged, that occurred during the war.

The force of the rangers amounted to but seventy four, officers included—the enemy, with whom they contended, consisted of at least 250 French and Indians, of whom 116 fell in the action, or died afterwards of their wounds. Major Rogers was wounded, Capt. Spikeman killed, and the command devolved upon Lieutenant Stark, who, by his presence of mind and firmness, repulsed the enemy, secured the wounded, and drew off the detachment in such order as to avoid pursuit. The rangers marched all night and reached Lake George at eight o'clock next morning. Ensign Page, the brother-in-law of Lieut. Stark was left dead upon the field.

The wounded who during the night march had kept up their spirits, were in the morning so overcome with cold, hunger, fatigue, and loss of blood, that they could march no further. It became therefore necessary that information should be immediately forward-

ed to Fort William Henry, to procure sleighs for their removal. Lieut. Stark volunteered for the purpose; and undertook the journey upon snow shoes. The snow was at this time four feet deep upon a level, and, by fatigue more easily imagined than expressed, he reached the fort, distant forty miles, the next evening, and immediately despatched sleighs for the relief of his comrades. The next day he had the satisfaction of seeing his friends return in safety to camp.

General Stark has frequently stated that this was the only occasion in the course of his military career where he was conscious of taking the life of an individual. While the rangers were defending their position upon the crest of the hill, he observed several men struck very near him by shot from a particular direction, and soon after discovered an Indian stretched out at full length upon a rock behind a large tree. He watched him for a moment, and saw him rising for another shot at himself; the instant he showed his head from behind the tree to take aim, he levelled his musket, shot him through the head; and he rolled off the rock into the snow.

In regard to this battle, Stetson Eastman, one of Stark's rangers, remarks, that after Rogers received his second wound, Stark was almost the only officer fit for duty—said he would shoot the first man who fled, that he had a good position, would fight the enemy until dark and then retreat; and that in such a course consisted their only safety. He stated further that Stark's courage and prudence saved the party; and that to the bravery and skill of John and William Stark the rangers were indebted for much of their success and celebrity in the campaigns against the French.

In the re-organization of the corps, Lieut. Stark was appointed to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Capt. Spikeman. Shortly after this event, while acting commander of the rangers at Fort William Henry; one of his eccentricities, which evinced foresight and knowledge of those he commanded, proved the safety of the garrison. When going the rounds on the evening of March 16, he overheard his men planning a celebration in honor of St. Patrick, and immediately ordered the sutler to deliver no rum to them without a written order from him. Application for the order was made and evaded by the plea of a lame hand.—The rangers were accordingly kept sober.—The Irish regular troops who composed the remainder of the garrison, could not forget their ancient customs; but joined in a hearty carouse in honor of St. Patrick's wife Shelah. The French, aware of this custom of the Irish, concerted an attack, and would that night have carried the fort, had they not been repulsed by the sober bravery of the rangers while the regulars were coming to their senses. The particulars of this night attack belong to history. Upon this occasion, Capt. Stark was struck by a spent ball, which produced a slight contusion, but did not draw blood.

From this time, no military movements of consequence took place until the ensuing summer, when Lord Loudoun ordered the rangers to New York to be employed on the Halifax station. Capt. Stark was then absent upon a scout, and did not join the corps until its arrival in New York. An attack of the small pox prevented his accompanying the expedition. After its return he joined the army at Albany and passed the winter at Fort Edward.

In 1758 General Abercrombie, commander in chief of the British Forces in America, resolved to attempt the reduction of Ticonderoga. The rangers were accordingly ordered to scour the country and open a way for the troops to advance to the assault.

The zeal and activity he had manifested in the service, had early attracted to Capt. Stark, the notice of Lord Howe, the second in command. From this nobleman, he had received marks of attention and friendship not often bestowed by the royal officers upon the Americans under their orders.—The evening before the fatal attempt upon the lines of Ticonderoga, he had a long conversation with Lord Howe, resting upon a bear skin, (his Lordship's camp-bed) respecting the plan of attack and position of the fortress. They supped together and orders were given to the rangers to carry the bridge between Lake George and the plains of Ticonderoga, at an early hour in the morning.

In pursuance of these orders, at day light they approached the bridge. Rogers who led the advance, perceiving a party of the enemy prepared to dispute the passage, halted a few minutes, which pressed the rear upon the front. Stark not knowing the cause rushed forward, saying that “it was no time for delay,” passed boldly on to the bridge, followed by the rangers, who, after a short contest, broke the enemy and cleared a passage for the army. The result of the assault upon Ticonderoga is well known.—The regret of Capt. Stark for the fate of the gallant and accomplished Howe continued with his life; but he sometimes remarked during the revolution, that he became more reconciled to his death, lest his military talents might then have been employed against the United States.

At the close of the campaign Stark returned home on furlough. At this time he married Elizabeth Page, daughter of Capt. Page of Dunbarton. In the spring following he joined the army, and was employed with 200 rangers in cutting a road from Ticonderoga to Charlestown. Under General Amherst he was present at the reduction of Ticonderoga and Crown Point. The surrender of Canada, Sept. 8 1760, terminated the war in America. This circumstance together with the jealousies of the British officers, induced him to retire from the service. Gen. Amherst by an official letter, assured him of his protection, and that if he were inclined to re-enter the army, he should not lose his rank by retiring.

From this period until 1774, he continued fearlessly to assert the rights of his countrymen against the encroachments of Brit-

ish oppression, and his house became the rendezvous, where the friends of liberty in its vicinity assembled to confer together upon the then critical situation of the Provinces. He was appointed one of the committee of safety and discharged the arduous duties, which devolved upon him, with firmness and moderation; employing all his abilities to promote union of sentiment, and preparation for action.

The cry of blood from Lexington called him to the field. When the news of that expedition reached him, he mounted his horse and proceeded to the theatre of action encouraging as he passed along the volunteers of New Hampshire to assemble at Medford. His distinguished military services, his uniform patriotism and integrity left him no competitor in the minds of his countrymen, who, at his call, had appeared in arms. He was unanimously elected Colonel of the first New Hampshire regiment,* Isaac Wyman Lieut. Colonel, and Andrew McClary Major. A regiment of one thousand men was soon organized and reduced to a state of discipline. As Colonel Stark had left home at ten minutes notice, he returned to arrange his affairs, and immediately rejoined the army for the campaign.

By direction of General Ward, Colonel Stark with a party of officers, examined Noddles island, with a view to the erection of batteries against the British Fleet in Boston Harbor. Upon their return, they discovered a British party upon the same errand, which endeavored to cut them off by securing their boat. A few shots were exchanged, the boat recovered, and the party returned in safety to camp. At the Battle of Bunker Hill, Stark's regiment formed the left of the American line, and it is a fact, acknowledged by their opponents, that the assaults upon the left were sustained in a manner worthy of the brightest days of chivalry.

The regiment of Welsh fusileers, which first attacked the New Hampshire line, had been distinguished at the Battle of Minden and was considered one of the finest corps in the British service.

"They advanced and displayed in front of our line," (says an eye witness, now living,) "with the coolness, and precision of troops upon parade. Not a shot was fired until they advanced within eighty yards of their enemy, who opened upon them a fire so rapid and deadly, that in a few minutes they broke and fled in confusion. They were immediately rallied, reinforced, again led to the attack, and once more gave way before the fatal fire of the New Hampshire marksmen. A third attempt was made with fresh troops to turn the left, which was again repulsed with dreadful slaughter. Our men were brought into action with the utmost coolness, and without being fatigued. Col-

*This famous old Regiment whose career was so distinguished throughout the war, was first known by the appellation of "Stark's Irishmen," and afterwards for their gallantry at Saratoga and Monmouth were complimented with the honorable title of "True blooded Yankees."

onel Stark observed to Capt. Dearborn, who suggested the propriety of hastening the march across the neck, which was enfiladed by the guns of the Lively frigate on one side and by two floating batteries on the other, that 'one fresh man in action was worth ten fatigued ones.'

In the heat of the action some one informed Col. Stark that his son, a young man of 16 who had followed him to the field, had just been killed. He answered that it was no time to talk of private affairs while the enemy were advancing in front, and ordered him back to his post.*

The New Hampshire line occupied the rail fence. The grass had been recently mown and lay in cocks and winrows upon the field. Another fence was taken up, the rails run through that in front, and the hay suspended upon them. This had the appearance of a breast-work, and deceived the enemy, although it was no real cover to the men. When the redoubt was carried, and retreat became unavoidable, Col. Stark drew off his regiment in good order. The men were unwilling to quit the ground where they had drawn the first blood, and had repulsed the enemy so often as to consider themselves completely victorious. When they retired, no enemy was in front of their position, save the dead and the wounded who covered the field. While the British were storming the redoubt, it was with difficulty, that these troops could be prevented from abandoning their position and attacking the enemy's rear. Their Col. had witnessed such scenes before. He foresaw the fate of the redoubt, knew that his men had no bayonets,—but a small quantity of ammunition, and therefore considered that any attempt to succour the right of the line, would be the height of madness and folly.

After the retreat, the New Hampshire troops formed intrenchments at Winter Hill. This campaign was occupied with a few abortive projects, with settling the rank of general and field officers, and re-enlisting the army. After the evacuation of Boston, Col. Stark was ordered to New York and assisted in arranging the defences of that city. In May 1776 his regiment was ordered to Canada by way of Albany. He joined the army at St. Johns and advanced to the mouth of the Sorelle. He opposed the expedition to Three Rivers as hazardous and imprudent, but after delivering his opinion, obeyed implicitly the orders of his General. This expedition was undertaken in the face of the enemy on the opposite shore of the St. Lawrence, on Lake St. Pierre, ten miles broad, at a time when the English had a formidable naval force upon the river and the Americans none. Upon their return the remains of this ill-fated enterprise suffered great losses by the small pox at Chamblee and Mount Independence. After crossing Lake Champlain, Stark's regiment encamped at Chimney Point, while the remainder of the army lay at Crown

*The report was groundless, the son is still living, and was a staff officer during the remainder of the war.

Point, until ordered to retire upon Ticonderoga. Against this movement, he presented General Schuyler a remonstrance, signed by most of the field officers of the Army grounded upon their opinion, that Crown Point was more capable of defence, than Ticonderoga. The General was of a different opinion and the evacuation took place. The troops reached Ticonderoga on the 6th and 7th of July. Next morning the declaration of Independence was proclaimed to them, and received with shouts of applause.

General Gates soon after assumed the command of the Northern Army and assigned to Col. Stark the command of a Brigade, with orders to clear and fortify Mount Independence, named upon the above occasion, and then a wilderness. About this time Congress promoted several of the junior Colonels to the rank of Brigadier Generals. Against this act of injustice, which could have no other result than to plant the seeds of discord in the minds of the officers, Colonel Stark remonstrated with decided firmness; but, it appeared in the sequel, without effect.

At the close of the Northern Campaign, Stark's regiment joined Washington at New Town, Pa. a few days before the battle of Trenton; where, leading the right of Sullivan's division, he contributed his full share to that fortunate Coup de Main. At the council of war previous to this affair, in giving his opinion, he observed to Washington—"your men have too long been accustomed to place dependence upon spades and pick-axes for safety; and if you ever expect to establish the independence of these States, you must teach them to place confidence in their fire arms." Washington replied, "that is what we have agreed upon. We are to march to-morrow upon Trenton—you are to command the right wing of the advanced guard and General Greene the left." The Colonel remarked that "he could not have been better suited."

Here it may be proper to notice a circumstance related at the funeral of the deceased General, by a comrade in arms then present. Previous to the movement upon Trenton, the American Army was at the point of being broken up by suffering, desertion, and the expiration of the term of service of a great portion of it. A few days previous, the term of the New Hampshire regiments expired. Stark was the first to propose a re-enlistment for six weeks. He left his station as commander, took upon himself the task of recruiting officer and not a man failed to re-enlist.

[To be continued.]

"Why don't you wear your ring my dear?" said a father in a ball room to his daughter. "Because papa, it hurts me when any body squeezes my hand." "What business have you to have your hand squeezed?" "Certainly none; but then you know papa, one would like to keep it in a squeezing order!"

Nightmare.

BY ROBERT MACNISH.

This affection, the *Ephialtes* of the Greeks and *Incubus* of the Romans, is one of the most distressing to which human nature is subject. Imagination cannot conceive the horrors it frequently gives rise to, or language describe them in adequate terms.—They are a thousand times more frightful than the visions conjured up by necromancy or *diablerie*; and far transcend every thing in history or romance, from the fable of the writhing and asp-encircled *Laocoon* to Dante's appalling picture of *Ugolino* and his famished offspring, or the hidden tortures of the Spanish Inquisition. The whole mind, during the paroxysm, is wrought up to a pitch of unutterable despair: a spell is laid upon the faculties, which freezes them into inaction; and the wretched victim feels as if pent alive in his coffin, or overpowered by resistless and immitigable pressure.

The modifications which nightmare assumes are infinite; but one passion is almost never absent—that of utter and incomprehensible dread. Sometimes the sufferer is buried beneath overwhelming rocks, which crush him on all sides, but still leave him with a miserable consciousness of his situation. Sometimes he is involved in the coils of a horrid, slimy monster, whose eyes have the phosphorescent glare of the sepulchre, and whose breath is poisonous as the marsh of *Lerna*. Every thing horrible, disgusting, or terrific in the physical or moral world, is brought before him in fearful array; he is hissed by serpents, tortured by demons, stunned by the hollow voices and cold touch of apparitions. A mighty stone is laid upon his breast, and crushes him to the ground in helpless agony: mad bulls and tigers pursue his palsied footsteps; the unearthly shrieks and gibberish of hags, witches, and fiends float around him. In whatever situation he may be placed, he feels superlatively wretched; he is *Ixion* working for ages at his wheel; he is *Sisyphus* rolling his eternal stone; he is stretched upon the iron bed of *Procrustes*: he is prostrated by inevitable destiny beneath the approaching wheels of the car of *Juggernaut*. At one moment, he may have the consciousness of a malignant demon being at his side; then to shun the sight of so appalling an object, he will close his eyes, but still the fearful being makes its presence known; for its icy breath is felt diffusing itself over his visage and he knows that he is face to face with a fiend. Then, if he look up, he beholds horrid eyes glaring upon him, and an aspect of hell grinning at him with even more than hellish malice. Or, he may have the idea of a monstrous hag squatted upon his breast—mute, motionless, and malignant; an incarnation of the Evil Spirit—whose intolerable weight crushes the breath out of his body, and whose fixed, deadly, incessant stare petrifies him with horror and makes his very existence insufferable.

In every instance, there is a sense of oppression and helplessness; and the extent to which these are carried varies according

to the violence of the paroxysm. The individual never feels himself a free agent; on the contrary he is spell-bound by some enchantment, and remains an unresisting victim for malice to work its will upon. He can neither breathe, nor walk, nor run, with his wonted facility. If pursued by any imminent danger, he can hardly drag one limb after another; if engaged in combat, his blows are utterly ineffective; if involved in the fangs of any animal, or in the grasp of an enemy, extrication is impossible. He struggles, he pants, he toils, but it is all in vain; his muscles are rebels to the will, and refuse to obey its calls. In no case is there a sense of complete freedom; the benumbing stupor never departs from him; and his whole being is locked up in one mighty spasm. Sometimes he is forcing himself through an aperture too small for the reception of his body, and is there arrested and tortured by the pangs of suffocation produced by the pressure to which he is exposed; or he loses his way in a narrow labyrinth, and gets involved in its contracted and inextricable mazes; or he is entombed alive in a sepulchre, beside the mouldering dead. There is, in most cases, an intense reality in all that he sees, or hears, or feels. The aspect of the hideous phantoms which harass his imaginations are bold and defined; the sounds which greet his ear appallingly distinct; and when any dimness or confusion of imagery does prevail, it is of the most fearful kind, leaving nothing but dreary and miserable impressions behind it.

Much of the horror experienced in nightmare will depend upon the natural activity of the imagination, upon the condition of the body, and upon the state of mental exertion before going to sleep. If, for instance, we have been engaged in the perusal of such works as "*The Monk*," "*The Mysteries of Udolpho*," or "*Satan's Invisible World Discovered*;" and if an attack of nightmare should supervene, it will be aggravated into sevenfold, by the spectral horror phantoms with which our minds have been thereby filled. We will enter into all the fearful mysteries of these writings, which, instead of being mitigated by slumber, acquire an intensity which they never could have possessed in the waking state. The apparitions of murdered victims, like the form of *Banquo*, which wrung the guilty conscience of *Macbeth* will stalk before us; we are surrounded by sheeted ghosts, which glare upon us with their cold sepulchral eyes; our habitation is among the vaults of ancient cathedrals, or among the dungeons of ruined monasteries, and our companions are the dead.

Burning of Hindoo Widows.

The self immolation of widows on the funeral pile of their husbands is a practice of great antiquity in India, but its origin is unknown. The natives have a tradition respecting it, that it arose many years ago, from the circumstance of the women frequently taking away the lives of their husbands either from dislike or inconsistency.

The most excruciating torments being found inadequate to prevent the repetition of this crime, the Bramins directed that the widows should be burned together with their husbands, and by this expedient gave them an interest in the preservation of the latter.

A woman who thus devotes herself abstains from food as soon as her husband is dead; chewing betel, and repeating without cessation, the name of the god of his sect. When the fatal hour arrives, she adorns herself with her jewels, and puts on her most costly attire, as if she were going to a rejoicing. She is accompanied by her relatives and friends, and by the sound of drums and trumpets. The Bramins, meanwhile, exalt the imagination of the victim, by giving her a liquid in which opium is mixed, to drink; and as they draw near the fatal spot, they strive to strengthen her resolution by songs, in which they extol her heroism.

The widow must not exhibit any signs of grief or despondency as she approaches the pile: her look must be calm and serene, and such as becomes one who is certain that she is about to rejoin her husband in a happier life. It is affirmed that previously to the ceremony, the Bramins themselves, as well as her relatives and friends, endeavour to dissuade her from the sacrifice, but that her resolution once taken is sacred and inviolable.

The day of this self-immolation is a glorious one for the family of the widow, as well as for her husband's, and for the Bramins, who, moreover, derive no trifling profit from the ceremony. Any person is allowed to witness the spectacle, but at a certain distance. The victim affectionately embraces her friends and relations, among whom she distributes part of her jewels and ornaments; she comforts them, while they bless and entreat her to pray to God to grant them in like circumstances the fortitude which she manifests.

These victims in general meet death with an heroic firmness and constancy; convinced that in thus burning themselves from pure conjugal attachment, they shall feel but little pain from the flames, and that by this sacrifice, they shall deliver their husbands from the torments of the next life, whatever may be the crimes committed by them in this.

Mr. Holwell gives an account of one, who, being told of the pain she must suffer, with a view to dissuade her from her intention, put her finger into the fire and held it there for a considerable time; after which she put fire on the palm of her hand, laid incense upon it, and fumigated the Bramins who were present.

Mr. Forbes mentions the case of a female whose husband had amply provided for her by will, and contrary to the general custom of Hindoos, had made her totally independent of his family. All was of no avail; she persisted in her determination to accompany him to a better world, and suffered not the tears nor supplications of an aged mother and three helpless infants to change her purpose. The funeral pyre was erected on the banks of the river *Biswamintree* without

the gates of Brodera. An immense concourse of persons of all ranks assembled, and a band of music accompanied the Bramins who superintended the ceremony. The bower of death enwreathed with sacred flowers was erected over a pile of sandal-wood and spices, on which lay the body of the deceased. After various ceremonies the music ceased, and the crowd in solemn silence waited the arrival of the heroine. She approached from a temporary retirement with the Bramins, attended by her mother and three lovely children, arrayed in rich attire and wearing the hymenial crown, an ornament peculiar to a Hindoo bride at her marriage. After a few religious ceremonies, the attendants took off her jewels, anointed her dishevelled hair with consecrated ghee, as also the skirts of her flowing robe of yellow muslin (the colour of nuptial bliss). Two lisping infants clung around her knees to dissuade her from the fatal purpose; the last pledge of conjugal love was taken from her bosom by an aged parent in speechless agony. Freed from these heart-piercing mourners, the lovely widow, with an air of solemn majesty, received a lighted torch from the Bramins, with which she walked seven times around the pyre. Stopping near the entrance of the bower for the last time she addressed the fire, and worshipped the other deities, as prescribed in the *sutty-ved*; then setting fire to her hair and the skirts of her robe, to render herself the only brand worthy of illuminating the sacred pile, she threw away the torch, rushed into the bower, and embracing her husband, thus communicated the flames to the surrounding branches. The musicians immediately struck up the loudest strains, to drown the cries of the victim, should her courage have forsaken her: but several of the spectators declared that the serenity of her countenance and dignity of her behaviour surpassed all the sacrifices of a similar nature they had ever witnessed.

Last words of Robert Emmet.

"If the spirit of the illustrious dead participates in the concerns and cares of those who were dear to them in this transitory life—O! ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son, and see if I have even for a moment deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism, which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind, and for which I am now to offer up my life.

My lords, you seem impatient for the sacrifice; the blood for which you thirst is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim—it circulates warmly and unruffled through the channels which God created for nobler purposes but which you are bent to destroy for purposes so grievous that they cry to heaven. Be ye patient! I have but a few words more to say—I am going to my cold and silent grave; my lamp of life is nearly extinguished; my race is run; the grave opens to receive me, and I

sink into its bosom. I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world—it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph, for as no man who knows my motives dares now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity, and my tomb be uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character.—When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then and not till then, let my epitaph be written. I have done."

Declaration of Independence.

Original.

Absurd and degrading to human nature as the doctrine may seem now, that the fortuitous circumstance of high birth confers on a person certain rights and privileges of which others are destitute, it is yet a doctrine that for a long time held unlimited, and to this day retains a powerful sway among the nations of the earth. The right divine of kings was so industriously and generally inculcated in the minds of men, that but now and then a solitary one dared throw off the shackles of prejudice and education, and adopt the principle that character, attainments and actions, form the only just standard by which to determine the merit or demerit of individuals. This deleterious custom of estimating a man's greatness by the rank in which fortune had placed him, was diffused so widely, that our ancestors, divested as they were of those minor prejudices imbibed by the superstitious and bigoted of other countries, yet regarded a king as some superior being, as proved by the proceedings of their first assemblies, and it was not until the bold, untameable spirit of the revolution burst the trammels of long established usage, that he came to be regarded as a man. Considering, then, the circumstances of the times, the prevailing opinions of hereditary right and authority, the declaration of American Independence becomes an event of no ordinary interest, as it regards the progress of truth, the extension of intellectual and moral improvement, and the promotion of correct principles.

In this view of the subject, every thing connected with those illustrious men, to whom under Providence we owe the establishment of our political and religious freedom, who dared proclaim the equality of the human race and the freedom of the mind, assumes an importance to which nothing else is entitled; and the motives, by which they were actuated in taking up arms, can never be too faithfully delineated, too freely investigated, or too strongly impressed on the minds of all.

If we revert to the eventful and momentous crisis of our nation's birth, review the actions and investigate the characters of those engaged in the great drama, who stood conspicuous among the actors in the bloody scene, and compare them with others, who lived in any age of the world, whose deeds

are any where recorded in history, we at once perceive the difference, the vast superiority they possess. Those who expelled Tarquin and established the republican government at Rome, had long suffered the indignities, and born the insults of a haughty, proud, overbearing despot, and it was not until his son by the violation of conjugal chastity, and the virtuous Lucretia by a voluntary death, had inspired them with the justest spirit of revenge, that they swore eternal enmity to tyrants. The design of those engaged in the assassination of Caesar was probably good, the best interest of their country was their ultimate object, but they, some of them at least, were under the strongest obligations of gratitude to the man they destroyed; and, after all, their efforts were unavailing. The dagger that slew Caesar obliterated the remaining vestiges of the republican government.

At his death a host of tyrannical demagogues rose, like heroes from the dragon's teeth of Cadmus, and instead of bettering the condition of freemen by this tragic act, they rivetted the already forged shackles of slavery.

But the founders of our independence had no revenge to satiate. Driven from the homes of their childhood and the graves of their fathers, by the foul, relentless, demoniac spirit of persecution, they nourished in their bosoms feelings inimical to every encroachment on the natural inherent privileges of mankind, and sentiments that prompted opposition to open, manifest injustice. Early and long accustomed to obey the mandates of the mother country, they were yet unwilling to sacrifice their obligations to themselves and posterity, to their allegiance to her. It was not the small duty on tea, the burden imposed by the stamp act, or any other exactions, which impelled them to grapple with the gigantic power of Britain. They felt that their rights were in danger; they knew that in all countries the first beginnings of arbitrary power had been small, that they increased by the force of precedent; that the admission of the right to take little implied the right to take more; and they resolved to resist the first appearance of evil. It was in fact a contest for principles, and these principles were based on the immutable foundations of justice and equality.

Such were the feelings, such the motives of the "master spirits, who rode on the whirlwind and directed the storm," and a heartfelt sympathy pervaded every class of the community. They were all engaged as for themselves, and not for others. Whether in the halls of legislation, in the tented field or employed in the cares and duties of domestic life, whatever might be their employment, the same language proceeded from the lips of every patriot, the same fervent aspirations were breathed forth to Heaven, that their cause and the cause of human nature might be prospered. They appealed from the unjust decision of the British Parliament, to the throne of Him who never errs. "Their solemn oath ascended to Hea-

ven. They swore to preserve their independence, their religion, and their laws, or, nobly perishing in their defence, be buried in the ruins of their common country."

Antiquarians.

Original.

"They ha' a routh o' auld nick-nackets,
Rusty airn caps, and jinglin-jackets
Would hold the Lothians three in tacketts
A towmond gude ;
And parritch pats, and auld saut-buckets,
Afore the flude."

Burns.

The present is an age of antiquarian research. The whole world is full of modern inventions and modern customs. It is true the good old times,

'When our old dads went whistling to their work'

have passed away. Poor Richard's maxims have been forgotten, and a steam power has been applied to the minds and manners, as well as the travelling accommodations of the times. But still there is a spirit of antiquarian research in the land, a rage among all classes of community for collecting the relics of the past. You may see it in the most illiterate farmer in the country, who, if perchance he digs the remnant of an Indian axe or arrow head out of the ground he cultivates, lays it carefully by that he may shew it to his neighbors—in the care with which the venerable head of a family preserves

'The big ha' bible, once his father's pride'

from the ravages of time—and in the avidity with which every thing that is old, is sought after by all sorts of people.

This antiquarian spirit has always been more or less prevalent among mankind. In the early ages of the christian era it was linked with religious enthusiasm—the toe-nail of a saint or a splinter from the true cross, were the relics which every one sought after, and to obtain which even wars were waged. Neither the cause of religion or literature, it is presumed, received any remarkable advancement from such contests.

It was not until the dark ages had past, and the antiquarian spirit broke out with new energy, and under a modified form that it became an auxiliary to literature. An auxiliary to literature it certainly has been, though its devotees, in raking the ashes of the past, may have contracted a relish for its scattered remnants, and a contempt for modern science and literature, which stops but little short of pedantry.

The American continent presents less attractions to the antiquarian than the older countries. We have no ancient castles, to fling the ivy from their mouldering turrets to the moon light—no Gothic cathedrals which have echoed the sounds of devotion while kingdoms have come and gone. Our mountains afford a subject for the poet and the painter—their bare and rugged tops repeat the echoes of the storm and cataract—but furnish no themes for the antiquarian to dwell upon.

Still America has its antiquarians—men

who, divesting themselves of all interest in modern literature, devote their lives to the preservation of every thing that relates to the past—men who would exchange the most splendid edition of Byron that ever graced a bookseller's shelves, for a black letter copy of *Mother Goose* ; or barter a splendid percussion, with "mahogany stock," for a fragment of a gun barrel used in the wars of king Philip. In a library you may detect one of our American Antiquaries, by his uniform preference for the musty, worm-eaten books on the upper shelves, over the gilded volumes in the lower rows. He is an amateur in manuscripts, but values none that are less than half a century old, and has so many old parchments, scrawled over with German text, that in an ignorant country he would be accused of *sozcery*. If he visits a museum you will be surprised to see him pass by the "living canvass," to gaze eagerly upon a coal from a hearth in Pompeii, or stroll listlessly along where elephants brandish their tusks, and lions show their teeth, and alligators seem to look like

"green eyed monsters,"

through the glass petition, and cast the "quiet of a loving eye" upon the spectators—to stare at an ancient sarcophagus, which, after all, might have held only a gladiator's ashes. Should he chance to see the broken foot of some ancient statue, he will tell you how that foot might have supported the giant form of some Roman deity—nay more—he will give the deity a name and assign it a place in the Pantheon.

The American Antiquarian is somewhat cramped in the objects of his research; instead of surveying old bulwarks, and writing essays upon castrametation like old Monkbarns, Scott's Antiquary, he must dig into old files and investigate the heterogeneous contents of old garrets. Instead of discussing the manners and habits of the dark ages, he has only to expatiate upon the history of a country whose political existence is just commencing, and rescue from oblivion the literature of a nation which British travellers inform us has no literature, and preserve the landmarks of a people which now exists among us, but which will soon pass away, and like the archers of Sherwood forest, or the gipsies of old England furnish many a delightful by-scene for the future American Novelist. R.

History and Biography compared.

Original.

History, says an eminent writer, is both emulutory and monitory ; with how much more truth, might this be said of Biography ! I say, with more truth, because although it may be, and doubtless is the case that examples worthy of imitation, both of intellectual and moral superiority, are to be found in history, yet in minute Biographical Sketches, we meet with accounts of moral worth and praiseworthy actions, rendered more attractive and lovely by a minute relation, and as the acts of a mere mortal, more easily comprehended, admired, and

emulated. History is a relation of the astonishing effects, whether for good or for evil, which follow the combined efforts of a number of individuals, whilst Biography presents us with the motives which prompt a single individual to certain actions, and the effects of those motives, which, according as they are good or evil, act more immediately upon the mind as an incentive to what is right or a warning of what is wrong. History, by the dazzling sublimity of its subjects, fills the mind with wonder, astonishment, dread even, whilst Biography, entering into the minutiae of both cause and effect, pleases, rather than astonishes, assimilates itself with preconceived opinions, descends as it were to the level of common minds, and by displaying the rewards of humble virtue, allures rather than drives the reader to such paths as lead to honors and emoluments, both temporal and eternal. We find nothing attractive in the pages of history ; we read them for information, not moral profit, whilst in the Memoirs of an individual, we find that which we can all comprehend, and can all imitate.

"Historians, only things of weight

Results of persons, or affairs of state,

Briefly, with truth and clearness should relate."

Thus, whilst it is expected of a writer of Memoirs, that he should not only give a relation of the most important facts in the life of his subject, but entertain and instruct his readers with a minute account of his history, his actions, his correspondence, the intimate bearings of one event upon another, the writer of history would destroy the dignity of his profession and injure his own reputation by recording such individual facts having no bearing upon those great results of which it is his peculiar province to treat. Such an author would expose himself to the ridicule of all, to the imputation of a fault so quaintly described by an ancient poet :

"Chronologers, many of them are so fastastic
As when they bring a captain to the combat,
Lift up his revengeful arm to dispart
The head of his enemy, they'll hold up
His arms so long, till they have bestowed
three

Or four pages in describing the gold
Hilts of his threatening falchion ; so that
In my fancy, the reader may well wonder
His adversary stabs him not, before
He strikes."

In short, History may be described as a general account of results ; Biography, of the part which an individual takes in their production ; History is food for the intellectual appetite ; Biography for both the intellectual and moral ; History is thrillingly interesting ; Biography is pleasantly attractive.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—The following are the remarks of an English solicitor, who had practiced more than twenty years in the criminal courts. They exhibit in a forcible point of view, the effects of capital punishment.—The next step, after obtaining the abolition of imprisonment for debt, is, to do away all legal murders. They neither con-

duce to the protection, nor do they better the morals of the community.

"In the course of my practice, I have found that the punishment of death has no terror upon a common thief; indeed, it is much more the subject of ridicule among them, than of serious deliberation. The certain approach of an ignominious death does not seem to operate on them; for, after the warrant has come down, I have seen them treat it with levity. I once saw a man, for whom I had been concerned the day before his execution, and offering him condolence, and expressing my concern at his situation, he replied with an air of indifference, 'players at bowls must expect rubbers;' and this man I heard say, that it was only a few minutes, a kick and a struggle, and all was over. The fate of one set of culprits, in some instances, had no effect even on those who were next reported for execution; they play at ball, and pass their jokes as if nothing was the matter. I have seen the last separation of persons about to be executed; there was nothing of solemnity about it, and it was more like the parting for a journey, than taking their last farewell. I mention these things, to show what little fear common thieves entertain of capital punishment, and that so far from being arrested in their wicked courses, by the distant possibility of its infliction, they are not even intimidated by its certainty."

THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

Concord, Friday Nov. 28, 1834.

GENERAL STARK. We have this week commenced the publication of an original sketch of the "Hero of Bennington." It was written by a valued correspondent, who has the best possible means of becoming familiar with the incidents of his life, and we trust, from the faithfulness and ability of their delineation, it will prove interesting to our readers. Though the story of his sufferings and achievements has been often told, it is one which will bear repetition—of which the citizens of the "Granite State" can never become tired. The memory of those men who lived and acted in the times that tried men's souls, ought never to be forgotten. They, and their deeds of noble daring whether in the field or the senate, should be kept in fresh remembrance, so long as we continue to enjoy the fruits of their labors.

After our next paper, which will conclude this account of Stark, we purpose presenting our patrons with a series of original notices of all the members of the old Congress from New Hampshire. Concerning but very few of them little is generally known, and we hope to render the public some service by communicating the information in our possession. Any assistance, which the friends and descendants of our revolutionary worthies may feel disposed to give us will be gratefully received and acknowledged.

ECLIPSE. A remarkable eclipse will take place on Sunday, the 30th inst. It will be total

in most of the Southern States. In this town, it will commence 23 minutes past one o'clock, and will end at 55 minutes past three, at which time, ten and a half digits of the sun's disk will be covered. It may not be an unnecessary caution to warn all persons of the danger of looking at the eclipse with the naked eye, as blindness has been known to ensue from such imprudence. Smoked glass is the best medium, through which to examine the phenomenon.

STATUE OF MEMNON. Every body has heard of the far-famed statue of Memnon, the musical Colossus, from which harmonic sounds were issued when the sun shone upon its head. It was the great wonder of the world two thousand years ago, and has been a great wonder ever since that period. But the enterprise of a modern traveller, an Englishman, has explained that, which, prior to the birth of Christ, was at the same time the puzzle and admiration of the sages of old. He has shown it to be only a trick of the priests, who strained every nerve and exercised every art to delude the populace, and preserve their own craft from too close scrutiny. Mr. Wilkinson, having found means to ascend the statue, discovered that in the breast of this mighty image was concealed a sonorous stone, which, when struck, emitted a metallic sound, such as follows the striking of brass, and near this stone is a niche, evidently designed for the concealment of the individual who, with an iron rod, sent forth those mysterious sounds, which helped to uphold the solar admiration and stupid wonder of an ignorant and idolatrous people.

BOSTON PEARL. This beautiful quarto, lately transferred from Hartford, now more than equals the N. Y. Mirror in the neatness of its typographical execution, and the ability of its management. It is issued weekly at three dollars per annum; Isaac C. Pray, Jr. editor. We wish the publication that liberal patronage it so richly merits, and which we are confident it will receive in the literary emporium of New-England.

CINCINNATI MIRROR. The office of this establishment was lately destroyed by fire, but as the loss of the proprietors was covered by insurance, the chief damage sustained was a derangement of papers, &c. The Mirror is ably conducted by William D. Gallagher and Thomas H. Shreve, and its appearance and contents augur well for the cause of sound literature in the great West.

PEMBROKE ACADEMY. From the catalogue we learn that this institution has flourished during the past year. Whole number of students 176; males 108, females 68. Besides the Preceptor and Preceptress, there are three assistant teachers. The location of the school is one of the most eligible in the state, and we congratulate the present instructors upon the liberal pat-

ronage which their efforts have secured from a discriminating public.

THE MELVILLE ACADEMY in Jaffrey, pleasantly situated near the famous Monadnock mountain, has gone into successful operation during the present season. Number of students the last term about 70. This is a very auspicious beginning, and promises well for the future prosperity of the seminary.

A gentleman of Albany recently ascertained by actual measurement the height of the cataract of Niagara. The correctness of the result and the manner in which it was obtained, were witnessed and certified by several gentlemen. The height thus ascertained is one hundred and fifty-eight feet and four inches.

REV. DR. LUDLOW of Albany has received and accepted the appointment of President of the University of Pennsylvania.

ANTIQUITIES. The excavations at Pompeii are continued with the greatest perseverance. Several new buildings have been lately discovered, and some beautiful Mosaics, representing the wars of Alexander the Great, have been brought to light.

LITERARY NOVELTIES. Noah Webster is preparing for the press a revised edition of his 'History of contagious diseases.'

DR. BOWDITCH has just issued the third volume of his translation of La Place's 'Mécanique Céleste,' a most valuable work.

JUDGE HALL has in press at Philadelphia, a volume of Sketches, entitled 'Tales of the Border.'

PROF. H. J. NOTT of Columbia College, has published a volume of Tales entitled 'The Nouvellettes of a Traveller, or Odds and Ends from the knapsack of Thomas Singularity, a journeyman Printer.'

PROF. T. C. UPHAM of Bowdoin College, has published a 'Philosophical and Practical Treatise on the Will.'

DR. BIRD, the popular dramatist, has written a new novel, entitled 'Calaver;' the scene is laid in Mexico, at the time of the conquest.

One **ALBERT PIKE** is about to publish a volume of 'Prose Sketches and Poems,' the latter 'written in desertion and loneliness.' Heaven defend us from them.

MISS ELIZA LESLIE is preparing a second series of the 'Pencil Sketches.' If as entertaining as the first, we warrant her many and merry readers.

The author of 'Swallow Barn,' and the author of 'Jeremy Levis' have each a new work in hand, with which the reading public will shortly be favored.

PROF. DUNGLISON'S new work on Hygiene will shortly appear.

THE SWAINS WHO WAKE ERATO'S STRING.

A FAVORITE AIR BY MOZART—THE ACCOMPANIMENTS BY MUZIO CLEMENTINI.

Allegretto.

POETRY BY DAVID THOMPSON.

The planet's mild and silght beam And roses may be found as fair And still to close their pensive lay, Oh ne'er let thoughts like these be
Still like thine eye may glow; As those on which I gaze; They say that like a flower, nigh,
But where's the soul-enchancing But where's the flush that rises The charms of youth must soon Thy frolic joys to shade;
gleam there, decay, For many a rose shall round thee die,
That melts at joy or woe? The smile that round it plays? And lose their witching power; Before thy beauties fade.

Conscience.

What is it, when in pleasure's train
We join, that warns us 'tis deceit—
A mere chimera of the brain—
Unsatisfying—frail—and fleet?

What is it, when we knowing err,
That brings remorse and anguish keen,
And when we shed th' repentant tear,
Its soothing balm applies unseen;

What is it, when fierce lightnings glare,
And the rude winds with fury blow,
That makes us tremble with despair,
And fills the breast with deepest woe?

What is it, ere the chill of death
Congeals the heart—the fount of love,
That prompts us, with our parting breath,
T' invoke the aid of Him above?

It is the voice that bids us flee
The path of Folly—Vice—and Sin—
It is the voice of Deity—
It is the "still small voice within."

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tled to six copies for one year.

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